

(Copyright, 1896, by Joel Chandler Harris.) CHAPTER IX .- Continued.

Sweetest Susan shuddered. Drusilla cried. Well, suh!" Buster John pulled up a big bunch of grass and threw it away from him. His face was red with anger or excitement. "Humph! Hang him to a limb!" grunted the White Pig. "Ooft! There was a bridge a quarter of a mile ahead. It was long and parrow and low-just wide enough for a agon and not higher from the shallow creek than a man's head. Over this bridge the men had to go, and the Son of Ben Ali wanted me to run ahead, get on the further end of the bridge, charge the horses when they reached the middle and then jump off and get under the bridge before the men could make their guns talk. It was not to my taste. If I had had to choose between charging the horses on that bridge and a mess of ripe persimmons—humph—I think I would have taken a few of the persimmons. But what could I do? Gooft! The Son of Box All hed her below the son of the son of

Ben All had his mind made up. "So I ran ahead, jumped over a low place in the fence and reached the bridge before the horses did. I heard them come on the other end of the bridge and I tried to get my bristles up, but—gooft—ooft—they wouldn't stay up. As the men came across I went to meet them and when they came within a few steps of me I charged at them, making as much noise as I could, crying:

"Gooft—ooft! Gooft!"

"It was all so sudden that the horses were terribly frightened. There were five of them. One reared and I ran under his forelogs. Another shied too far to one side and went crashing through the railing into the creek.

One of the horses kicked me and—gooft!—
that made me mad. For the first time my bristles rose. I rushed at them with open mouth. Another crashed through the railing and went over. All this time I could see the Son of Ben All at the heels of the horse that was carrying the teacher and old Grizziva son.

The transfer of the teacher and old Grizzly's son.

"But the horse was scared nearly to death. His rider couldn't manage him. He was wiid. Before the Son of Ben Ali could cut the rope the ecared horse had whirled and rushed off the bridge, and I went after him. The Son of Ben Ali disappeared, and I went over the fence and rested in the bushes. Presently the Son of Ben Ali came creeping to where I was. He was wet with sweat and trembling all over.

"Neither the men nor the horses were hurt. Gooft! they came together and sat on their horses within a few steps of where we lay. One said it was a wild varmint as big as a lion. Still another said it was Satan. Gooft—coft. The teacher said it was a warning. Ooft! "The hand of the Lord is in it," he said.

"It will be a hard race, little Grunter—

a hard race! It is three miles to the big house, and from there eight miles to Harmony. It is to be a hard race, little Grunter—a hard race. But it must be run.' So said the Son of Ben All.

"'Am I to go, Son of Ben All?' I said.

"'As far as you may and as fast as you."

"As far as you may and as fast as you can, little Grunter.'

can, little Grunter."

"Gooft! you have never seen the Son of Ben All throw a stone, and you have never seen him run! We got in the big road where the ground was firm. Gooft! I began to gallop, but I heard the Son of Ben All right at my heels. I began to run and gooft-ooft!—I heard him closer at my heels. The faster I went the faster the Son of Ben All went. I was a pretty swift runner, and am to this day, but that night I could never get more than twenty steps away from the Son of Ben All. Gooft! he was running to save life, and I was running for fun. Once we passed a stray traveler was running to save life, and I was running for fun. Once we passed a stray traveler—a stray negro. He called out: "What are you trying to do, brother?" Ooft!—and the Son of Ben Ali called back: "Trying to catch little Grunter, brother!" Gooft—and the stranger cried: "I wish you mighty well. my brother!"

Well. my brother!"

"No. Grandson of Abdallah. In the pasture here the morning sun shines, the grass is green, the air is cool. Here for a little while you may stay with these grandchillren of the Whited-Haired Master. Your stable is to be cleaned."

For answer the Black Stallion sought out a well, my brother!"

well, my brother!"

"Gooff—ooft! It was a warm race and a long one. We were not going so fast at the end as we were at the beginning. Ooft! but we were going. And we went till we came to the horse lot, and then I stopped. I spoke to the Son of Ben Ali, and said that we were now as close to the hog pen as I ever hoped to be, and so he cried out as he ran: "Good night, little Grunter!" I heard him go to the stable where the Black Stallion, the Son of Abdallah, is kept. Then I heard the door

grandfather. "Oh, no! No, indeed! His was new to me, so I started back in some name was Hudspeth—Richard Hudspeth. I remember him as well as if he had been here only yesterday. At bottom he was a fine character. He came here from Massachusetts, and he went back there."

was new to me, so I started back in some surprise. But the Son of Ben All called to me to be quiet, and in a minute he had disappeared in the little window that juts from the roof.

"Then I heard the voice of the Little window states."

chusetts, and he went back there."

The grandfather paused and drummed gently on the arms of his easy chair. Then— "Yes, he went back there. He is a big man now. He was elected to congress some time ago. We have had some correspond-ence. He is a very able man, I wonder if he remembers his adventures here?" "He is a bitter abolitionist," said the hildren's father.

who came running toward me. here, Master.' "He was always that," said the grandfather. "But I shall always love him on ac-Haired Master.
"The Son of Ben All flung himself on the

voted to each other."
"Grandfather," said Sweetest Susan, after a while, "what is a bitter abolitionist? Isn't that what papa said?" she asked, seeing her grandfather laugh "My darling child, you wouldn't know now

if I were to tell you. Run along with Dru-silla. I'll think it over and tell you about it some other time.'

Sweetest Susan and Drusilla joined Buster John in the yard, and there they discussed the matter, without coming to any conclusion. Buster John knew that the abolitionists way of praise.

"The Gray Mare, my sister, was trained for racing, while I was raw and untried, and she tripped along ahead of me as lightly as a rabbit that has just been frightwanted to free the negro slaves, but that was

That night they went to Aaron's house and asked him whether the Teacher had been hanged or rescued, but Aaron said he was too tired to sit up and talk. He said he would be around the lot all day the next day, and they could go and see Timoleon, who could tell all about it. This satisfied the children and they went to bed happy in the expectation of visiting the Black Stallion. The children were up bright and early the next moring, which was something unusual, for they were fond of sleeping late. As soon as Drusilla had eaten her breakfast she waited on the children at the table, and was allowed to eat as soon as they had finished—all three went hunting for Aaron. They found him right where Timoleon's stable stood. So they went to him, and he lost no time in opening the door of the

The Black Stallion did not have fresh air and exercise every day, and so he sprung through the open door and went galloping madly about the field, sending forth a screaming challenge to the whole plantation. He galloped about the field as far as the limits of the high fence would permit, and paid no attention to either Aaron or the

"He has forgotten us," said Sweetest Susan Aaron laughed "Folks forget," said he, but my brothers that run on four legs

never forget. When the Black Stalion had taken his exercise he walked slowly back to the stable, cometimes pausing to crop the grass or to nord his head high in the air. "Grandson of Abdallah," said Aaron, "you

have forgotten your friends."
"I am the forgotten one, Son of Ben All," replied Timoleon; "my feed is chucked into the trough, the door is shut and I am left to chew my cud. Am I a cow that I should be chewing my cud? Am I a hog that I should be fastened in a pen?"

"Whose fault, Grandson of Abdallah? You will have no one to feed you but me, and I—well, what I have to do I must do. The grandchildren of the White-Haired Master "I thought they had forgotten me. Son of

Ben Ali. I am glad they are here. But what of it? I go in my pen and the door is closed; what matters it to me whether they are here or yonder?"
"No, Grandson of Abdallah. In the pasture

Abdallah, is kept. Then I heard the door and went to the stable door, his mouth half



THE RESCUE OF THE MAN CALLED TEASHER. thrown open, and the Son of Abdallah came, full of grass. Some of the grass must have out with a scream and a snort, and that is all tickled his nose, for he snorted twice in quick I know. The rest the Black Stallion can tell succession. "Ooft-gooft! That is all. Say nothing to

no one—I'll sleep here a little, and when the sun gets lower I'll slip away to the swamp." "We are very much obliged to you," said

"Humph-umph! Humph-umph!" grunted the White Pig. "Nicely said! I'm over-

CHAPTER X THE BLACK STALLION'S STORY. The children were anxious to hear the rest of the story at once, but they were compelled to wait. The White Pig had told all he knew, and Aaron was on the other side of the plan-tation. So Buster John and Sweetest Susan

and Aaron was en the other side of the plantation. So Buster John and Sweetest Susan alter a while.

The door was barred, but he broke the bar, the stable was dark, but he found the bridle, bianket and saddle. He cried:

"The door was barred, but he broke the bar, the stable was dark, but he found the bridle, bianket and saddle. He cried:

"Steady, Son of Mahllah! There is work for us this night!"

"Ibit at him in play and took a piece him by from the rope, and then of his care of his coat off, but he made no pause until saddle and bridle were on. Then he rain hought it made all the difference whether a man was hanged or aved. They talked about it a good deal, and when they went to the house they asked their grandfather the name of the man who had come from a far country to teach their Uncle Crotchett. The old gentleman leaned back in his chair and looked at the youngsiers. He smiled a little and the closed his eyes and semed to be thinking. The question had carried him when the closed his eyes and semed to be thinking. The question had carried him when the closed his eyes and semed to be thinking. The question had carried him when the closed his eyes and semed to the thinking. The question had carried him when the closed his eyes and semed to be thinking. The question had carried him when the closed his eyes and semed to be thinking. The question had carried him when the closed his eyes and semed to be thinking. The question had carried him when the closed his eyes and semed to be thinking. The question had carried him his bed upon some mall sacks thrown there limb of a tree. As we came up some of the limb of a tree. As we came up some of the limb of a tree. As we came up some of the limb of a tree.

"With one stroker with the horse a cut with a hickory, and the horse a cut with a hickory, and the horse acut with the bridle, blanker, and the horse acut with a hickory, and the horse acut with the bridle, blanker, and the horse acut with hickory, and the horse acut with hickory, and the horse acut with hickory,

"Do I remember it, Son of Ben Ali? How could I forget it? It was a little while before the big race at Lexington. That was the night I learned how to put my nose at a

horse's flank and run the breath out of the arm him."
"The children of the White-Haired Master "The children of the White-Haired Master would like to hear of that," said Aaron.
"It was at night," remarked the Black Stallion, threshing at a perverse fly with his tail. "What time I know not, but I had been dozing, and just before that I heard the chickens crow. There was no moon. The dozing, and just before that I heard the chickens crow. There was no moon. The big white star was glittering where the sun rises and there was frost in the air. Suddenly I heard some one tugging at my stable door and the voice of the Son of Ben Alicelling.

"'Yes, Master."
"'We shall have to ride, then."
"At that the Gray Mare, my sister, seemed to gilde away from me. The Son of Ben All had slapped her with his open hand. I went after her with a little rush that never moved the White-Haired Master in his sad-dle. I felt my blood tingling. Whatever the Gray Mare, my sister, was doing, I knew I was going only at half speed, and I longed to show the White-Haired Master what I could

"I said as we galloped, 'My sister, this night will see which of us has the swiftes feet.' The answer she made was a loud snor and again she tried to glide away, but I kept my muzzle at the Son of Ben Ali's knee.
"'Not now,' said the Son of Ben Ali. Wait!
Wait till we cross the bridge.' "'Are we riding or playing?' asked the White-Haired Master. 'Man, we'll be too

"'Where are the horses?"
"'Here, Master, said the Son of Ben All,

move as the horse moves.' He reached his right hand forward to feel the play of my shoulders, and gave me a gentle pat by

ened from its bed.
"We cleared the gates and the parrow

lane, and presently struck into the big road.

"'Are we going to Harmony?' asked the White-Haired Master.

'Show me the way,' said the White-

" 'When we cross the bridge we'll go, Mas ter,' said the Son of Ben Ali. "Yet the ground was firm and springy, and the road level. I was so fretted that I bit at the Son of Ben Ali's leg. 'You won't play when you come to your journey's end, Grandson of Abedallah,' he said. I knew then that we would go fast enough after a while, and so I fell back a little and settled down to a swift, steady gallop. My easy movements must have pleased the White Haired Master, for he reached forward and gave me a love lick, saying, 'Good horse!'

"So in a little while we came to the bridge, a small affair, but rickety. On the other side the Son of Ben Ali leaned forward a little, saying, 'Now, Mas e !' The Gray Mare, my sister, leaped away from me with a snort I threw my head forward as the White-Haired Master gave me the length of the rein, and the Gray Mare, my sister, soon found that she would not have the road o herself.

"Within a quarter of a mile I was running with my nose at her flank, and I kept it there. I could have run past her, but I knew the White-Haired Master would give the word for that, and so I kept my place. Yet I could feel that the Gray Mare, my sister, was trying her test to get away from me.
"The sound of our feet on the hard road

must have made a terrible clatter. I could hear it flung back at us from the woods on either side. Once, as we were passing a house out at us. This was my chance. The Gray Mare, my sister, shied, while I ran right through the pack, knocking them right and left. The White-Haired Master touched me again, saying, 'Good horse!' and shook the reins just a little, but it was enough. Before he dog I had crippled could yelp twice I had taken the road away from the Gray Mare, my sister. I could hear her coming behind me. I could hear the Son of Ben Ali slap her, first with his open hand and then with the slack of the bridle rein.

"But it did no good. I loved to listen to the clatter of my feet on the hard clay in the road. I was proud to feel that I was not running at full speed. I was proud to know that the White-Haired Master had grown young again, and to feel him holding the reins just steady enough to catch me should I chance to stumble. I was proud to feel him sitting in the saddle, balancing himself to all my movements so as not to worry me with

"Suddenly I felt him turn in the saddle and look back. Then his firm hand checked me, and I knew that the Gray Mare, my sister, had been more than matched. As I settled down into a steadler gallop the White-Haired Master said: 'Another race horse here, boy-the great-

est of all." 'Yes, Master,' replied the Son of Ben Ali, he is the grandson of Abdallah." "It was well that the White-Haired Master drew rein when he did, for we still had two to go, and the Gray Mare, my sister, was beginning to blow a little. But we rested

ourselves by going easily. Presently I saw firelight shining through the trees half a mile " 'That's the place!' cried the White-Haired "He leaned forward in the saddle, and I took that for a signal to go. It was a level road, and I stretched myself out for a run that would please and surprise the White-

Haired Master. As I ran I wondered what the people at the fire would think as they heard us thundering down the road.
"Nobody knows to this day what they thought. We were upon them before they could gather their wits about them. We were upon them before they could get out of the way. The torches glimmering through the trees blinded the eyes of the White-balled Maries of the he dear ways a life haired Master, so that he drew rein a lit-tile too late to stop me near the group of men standing there. One of them, the son of the man caled Old Grizzly, tried to dodge out of the way, but as he dodged I swerved to one side, and so struck him fairly on the shoulder. He went down as if a tree had fallen upon him. As I turned again I caught the arm of one of them in my teeth, and carried him with me, screaming like a woman. From that day to this I have been called the man-cater; but as to eating a man—Bilbhelibbel—it makes me sick to thisk

-Blibbelibbel-it makes me sick to think of it!
"I was still jumping, but trying to come to a halt, when the White-Haired Master drove his heels at me, and whirled me around on my hind legs as on a pivot. As I turned I saw why. The man called the Teacher had been esting on a horse, his arms tied and a been sitting on a horse, his arms tied and a rope around his neck, one end fastened to the

TRAVELED DOG

Owney, the Mascot of the Railway Mail Service.

(Copyright, 1896, by Harriet Gillespie.)

Few people, not to mention members of the He was awarded a medal at the Westcanine family, are so widely traveled as minster Kennel club bench show, upon which Owney, the pet and mascot of the rat ray was engraved; mail service.

He belongs to no one person in particular, but is the protege, for the time being, of any mail clerk with whom he comes in con-

Owney is a medium sized, cinnamon colored mongrel, but is endowed with sufficient pany No. 5, of Charles street. intelligence to compensate for any lack of refined pedigree. He has visited every city Master crying, 'Take me down stairs!'
'In a little while the son of Ben All came down the tree and ecood at the door of prominence in the United States, and his which was presently opened by the White-Haired Master, His speech was short and

Owney entered Uncle Sam's service about ten years ago when, a forlorn, homeless dog he strayed into the Albany postoffice.

Through the kindness of the mail clerks he attached himself to them and for a num-

ber of years ran on the road between Albany and New York, and in this way finally drifted to the New York postoffice, where when he is not "globe trotting," he makes Gray Mare, my sister. The gates were all open, and we went through them in a hurry. I felt the White-Haired Master settle himhis home. self in the eaddle, and try the stirrups. Then his knees pressed a little closer to the saddle, and I thought, 'Here is a rider—a little heavy, but more helpful than a lighter man who has never learned to fit himself to the curve of the saddle, and to He will remain here two, three

weeks, as the case may be, until the mi-gratory fever is upon him, when he jumps into the registry wagon, which is always in charge of a mail clerk, and off he goes to

THE WAY HE TRAVELS. or persuasion can keep him home when he wishes to go, or arbitrate in which direction his journey shall extend. Whatever train elects to board, his credentials are recognized and he is immediately taken charge of something to do. Are they in bags?" and made welcome by the postal clerks, with all of whom he is the greatest pet, and which off her hands, so she could open the door. affection is amply returned, for Owney books with much disfavor upon any one not attired in the garb of the mail service,

tirely on his own account, and appears to understand fully where all trains meet and also where and when different connections are made.

So, after the bread was made out into the pans, and Aunty Redmond had gone away, much delighted with her rags, Billy's mother climbed up to the attic to see what was

Presumably to investigate the exile system. of their contents from the rafters.

No one has been able to induce him to "Woolen," read one, "silk" another, "cot-

Awarded to Negro Police Dog, Jimi Intelligence and Bravery,
Jim has been dead some years, but is still kindly remembered by the pelice force. Another famous dog in New York was "Ginger," who belonged to hook and ladder com-

He was instrumental in saving many lives. It is told how he discovered a fire, wakened the men by his barking and was badly burned of prominence in the United States, and his in aiding the firemen to extinguish it. "Gin-transatlantic acquaintance is equally as ex-ger" has now joined the ranks of his contensive, his badges of distinction everywhere temporaries in. "dog heaven," where event-winning him respect and attention. Peace to their ashes

HARRIET GILLESPIE. BILLY'S SYSTEM.

since then. Do you suppose you could go up in the attic and sort out some of the Owney apparently has a well defined woolen pieces for her? Try not to get thos itinerary laid out, for no amount of coaxing that are like the clothes we are wearing." woolen pieces for her? Try not to get those "Yes, indeed," said Billy, reaching for his crutches, for he was still a little lame from a sprained ankle. "I've been wishing I had

Billy came down presently with a great basket of rags, and he then went to his den He occasionally alights at a station that and got out some marking fluid pleases his fancy, makes his transfers enand got out some marking fluid and his

His travels have led him into nearly every portion of the globe, one of his most extended trigs being to Siberia, where he went hung the bags all labelled with the names



ton" another, and a very conspicuous one marked "linings." While quite the largest one was marked Billy's rags. "This has all the old things that don't relate his views on the subject, for Owney is a conservative beast and though he keeps up a deep thinking is not given to promiscu-

ous arguments. Last summer his journey extended to China and Japan. With the advent of the new year Owney showed signs of restlessness and after some days spent in consulting guide books, January 3 saw him boarding the Pennsylvania limited enroute for California, where he is sojourning at the present

writing.

Wherever he stops he is the object of much solicitude and the greatest admiration and his friends, the mail clerks, point to him with pride as being the brightest, most widely traveled dog intelligent and most widely traveled dog n the country.

After weeks and months of absence,

day his dogship will appear in New York, apparently delighted to be at home once more, with his collar and the harness that he wears fairly bristling with tags, medals, ribbons, etc., placed there by admiring

friends. Superintendent of Mails Lyons of the Brooklyn postoffice says: "Owney is in many respects a remarkable dog. He visits us occasionally, whenever it takes his fancy. One extremely warm day last sum-mer he came over here in the registry wagon and, as was eminently proper, reported at once to me

OWNEY'S DECORATIONS. "He was completely prostrated by the heat and the weight of the harness and medals, so that he could not lie down without much discomfort. I relieved him of his trappings, which, besides his harness, con-sisted of about two pounds of medals, and you never saw such a delighted and grateful animal at the relief afforded him. Then he quietly took possession of a soft seat and slept peacefully there during the day. I sent the tags to the Bureau of Postoffice Curiosities at Washington, where they now repose as evidences of a dog's sagacity." There are nearly 200 tags in tin, brass and silver; among them is a silver spoon from Fort Wayne Ind

from Fort Wayne, Ind.
The members of the Toledo Produce exchange presented Owney with an elaborately engraved tag and he was also the recipient of one from the Board of Trade at Seattle, Wash. There were tags from different clubs and organizations of St. Paul, Minneapolis,

and organizations of St. Paul, Minneapolis, and also from Dakota.

Owney was an honored guest at the convention of Iowa bankers held at Council Biuffs in May, 1893, and was presented with a handsome silver tag, bearing the inscription: "Owney, Our Guest. May he live long and prosper." ong and prosper."

Owney's collar has two brass plates fastened upon it, one bearing his name and addrese: "Owney, Postoffice, Albany, N. Y." The other presented at Scattle, Wash., in October, 1893, which reads:

"I guess I am Innocence Abroad, For I travel through thick and thin; But I meet with kindly treatment, And I like to be taken in."

And I like to be taken in."

He usually returns weary and travelworn, and on reaching the postoffics will immediately jump into an open safe which he has pre-empted as a resting place, and make his bed upon some mail sacks thrown there for his comfort and there he will sleep three or four days, leaving his bed only long enough to satisfy hunger, until he has thoroughly recuperated from his journey.

The future is no doubt destined to hear further of Owney's travels, should no harm

"This has all the old things that don't assort for me to sell with my old iron and bottles, you see," he explained.

"Well, Billy," said his mother, "you don't know how glad I am to have this done. It has been such a bother to have to tumble them all out no matter whether I wanted a bit of lining, or a piece of silk to line a collar. And I have often wished I had them arranged in a little more "get-achle"

them arranged in a little more 'get-at-able' way."
"I believe that lining bag is going to save me lots of trips down town when the sewing woman is in a hurry," said Billy, regarding his work with pride

"There is nothing like a system-atic plan, mother, even for rags," he added slyly, "William, is that a pun" asked his mother, severely. "If it is I will only say you are a bag-age," "Rag bag-gage, mother?" asked Billy. But she had run down stairs again, so fortunately was spared this.

Prattle of the Youngsters. An eminent clergyman sat in his study busily engaged in preparing his Sunday sermon, when his little boy toddled into th room and, holding up his pinched finger room and, holding up his pinched finger, said, with an expression of suffering, "Look, pa, how I hurt it." The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him and with the slightest tone of impatience, said: "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger and as he turned to go out he said in a low voice: "Yes, you could; you might have said 'Oh!"

"Mamma," asked the little 4-year-old,

"Mamma," asked the little 4-year-old,
"how do you spell 'ginger?"
"Put away your book, dear. It is time
for you to go to bed."
"Papa, how do you—"
"Don't bother me, Katie."
"What does it mean when it says—"
"Didn't you hear your mother?"
Katie threw the book on the floor.
"I don't believe there's navied.

"I don't believe there's anybody that loves me," she burst forth, "'capt grandpa an' God. Grandpa, he's in Michigan an' I don't know where God is!"

Illustrating the mind's training, a southern Illustrating the mind's training, a southern paper tells of a little girl, 4 years old, who happened to be sliding on the ice, when she suddenly fell heavily and was evidently badly hurt. At the sound of her sobs a friend rushed to her assistance and caught her in her arms. "You poor little thing, and how did you fall?" The mite raised her head and replied between her sobs: "Verhead and replied between her sobs: "Ver-tically." So much for kindergarten train-

"Paps," said little Mabel to her father, who had had the misfortune to lose one eye, "has your other eye gone to heaven?"
"Yes, dear," was the answer.
"Well, then, papa," said the little girl, snuggling close, "tell me all it sees, then,

"Johnny," ecreamed his mother, "why are you sitting on your brother's chest? You'll kill him." "I know it," retorted the urchin. "But if I let him up he'll go swimmin' and be drowned."

"Johnnie, dear," said his mother, who was trying to inculcate a lesson in industry, "what do you suppose mamma would do for you if you came to her one day and told her that you loved your lessons?" "Lick me for telling lies," said dear little Johnnie, with the frankness of youth.

Teddy-I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy frown this morning. Mamma—You see now how wrong it was, don't you, dear?

Teddy—Yes, 'cause I didn't know till noon that his mother was going to give a party.

"Fannie, I have told you time and again not to speak when older persons were talking, but wait until they stop."
"I've tried that already, mamma. They never stop."

IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT THOUSANDS

St. Patrick's Contribution to the Civiliza-

tion of the World.

LIFE'S LABOR DEVOTED TO MANKIND

Braving Hardship and Contumely that He Might Preach the Gospel and "Do Enough to Be Remembered by Men."

The name of St. Patrick, rendered IIlustrious by his innumerable acts of sanctity and goodness toward mankind, is destined to live to the end of time. Historians differ regarding the year in which he was born. Tillemont says he was born in 372 and died in 455, while Usher, another eminent historian, claims that St. Patrick died in 493 Nennius, published by Gale, places his death in 464. Rev. Father Alban Butler in his work, "The Lives of the Saints," concludes that the vetual date of St. Patrick's birth is BILLY'S SYSTEM.

Relieves Mother of a Vast Amount of Labor.

One morning while Billy's mother was making bread she looked out of the window and saw an old lady coming slowly up the swar at London in 165s.

That the Catual date of St. Patrick's birth is not known, and he being one of the ablest historians of his day upon the subjects treated in his work, it can be safely stated that his position is correct. Undoubtedly the best work in print regarding the life of St. Patrick was published by Sir James war at London in 165s.

and saw an old lady coming slowly up the walk.

"Oh, Billy," she said, "here comes Aunty Redmond for the carpet rags I promised her. I haven't had time to look them up nize that his was a mighty brain, and that his brain was actively and effectively used for the uplifting of mankind.

In his sixteenth year St. Patrick was taken captive by the barbarians and kept in Ireland as a slave, where he was obliged to herd cattle on the mountains and in the forests, oftentimes in hunger and nakedness amidst cold and rains and inclement weather. The young man had recourse to God in his troubles, and while serving as a slave herder he resolved to consecrate his life to God, and his life's work to the conversion of God's people to Christainty. When opportunity offered the young man slipped away from his work as a slave herder, and through the kindness of some Pagan sailors was per-mitted to board a ship which was leaving the island. It is recorded that the ship became lost and wandered many days, distressed for want of provisions. This gave the young Christian an opportunity, which he seems to have made use of, as he conveyed nearly all the sailors on board to Christianity, some of whom assisted him al through life.

At a later period in life St. Patrick was again taken captive and his liberty denied him for two months by the barbarlans from whom he had before slipped away. After his second captivity he traveled into Gual and Italy, and spent several years in pre-paring himself for the ministry. His rel-atives strenuously objected to his ordina-tion, but his mind was made up, and after passing all apposition, some of which came from clergymen, he was ordained to preach the gospel. He forsook his relatives and as ne said, sold his birthright and dignity to serve strangers. His life from that time was sincerely consecrated to God, and in success or adversity, he seemed to have been always the eame untiring, zealous, able champion of Christianity, and his wish when he started to preach the gospel, that he might "do enough good to be remembered by men," was fully accomplished, for by his efforts he filled the county with churches and schools of learning, the light of civilization. D. CLEM DEAVER

Don't forget to take a few bottles of Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne with you or your summer outings.

Dawson Oldham, a 78-year-old resident o White Hall, Ky., never has missed a sermon at the Methodist church in that place in the forty years he has been a member. He never has used tobacco in any form, nor has he tasted whisky.

### Waltham Watches Made by the American

Waltham Watch Company are the best and most reliable timekeepers made in this or any other country.

Ask to see the name "Riverside" or "Royal" engraved on the plates, and always the word "Waltham."



(My mama used Wool Soap) (I wish mine had) Wash Woolens with

## WOOL SOAP

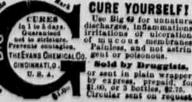
Raworth, Schodde & Co., Makers, Chicago

Searles & Searles SPECIALISTS IN

Nervous, Chronic Private Diseases. WEAK MEN BEXUALLY.

All Private Disease and Disorders of Me Treatment by ma

STRICTURE AND GLEET at home Dr. Searles & Searles, 119 & 14th se.



TO HAVING BEEN CURED BY

# REMEDIES.

No Other Medical Preparations in the World Receive Daily So Many Testi-monials From Those Cared of Rheu-matism, Univers. Asthma, Bronchi-its. Dyspepsia, Kidney Trouble and Other Diseases. Get a 25-Cent Vini of His Remedies From Your Nearest Druggist and Doctor Yourself. Druggist and Doctor Yourself.

Mr. J. M. Maret, Joplin, Mo., says: "For four years I was troubled with an aggra-vated form of chronic catarrh. Had dull pains through the temples and over the eyes and noze. Large accumulations of matter would drop from the nose into my mouth. This mucus was often so putrid and offensive as to cause gagging and vomiting. I used Munyon's Catarrh Remedies, and in a few weeks' time I was completely cured." Mrs. C. E. McCall, 610 Waco avenue Wichita, Kan., says: "I was a sufferer from rheumatism for five years. Two bot-ties of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure have fully proved all that is claimed for that

Munyon's Rheumatism Cure seldem fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price, 25 cents. Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach trouble.

Price, 25 cents.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price, 25 cents, Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night

weats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price, 25 cents.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins and all forms of kidney disease. Price, 25 cents. Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache n three minutes. Price, 25 cents. Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures

all forms of piles. Price, 25 cents.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price, 25 cents, Munyon's Female Remedles are a boon to all women. Munyon's Asthma Cure with Herbs, \$1 Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail

The Catarrh Cure—price 25c—cradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets-price 25c- cleanse and heal the Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost powers to Price, \$1.

Munyon's Remedies at all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.

Personal leters to Prof. Munyon, 1505 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

A SPECIALTY Primary, Bee tlary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can 10 treated at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel b ils, and no charge, if we fall to cure. If you have taken mercury, lodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Fimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on my part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows failing sit, it is this Syphilitic BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We soliet the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$550,000 capital behind our uncould tonal guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sessed on application. Address COOB. REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Termyle, CHICAGO, ILL.

307 Masonie Temple, CHICAGO, ILL



ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y. We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and legal guarantee that Caltros will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Servatorrhess, Varioccale and RESTORE Last Vigor. BE Use it and pay if satisfied.
Address, VON MOHL CO.,
Sole American Agents, Cincinnali, Obto

ANSY PILLS

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES tacle. Invisible, comfortable, SELF ADJUST 100. Whispers heard, FREE TEST and CONSULTATION at our office. F. HIBOOX CO. a postion 853 Broadway, New York. Send for BOOK FREE.

OPIUM OR MORPHINE HABIT DR. S. B. COLLINS' PAINLESS OPIUM ANTIDOTE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE REMEDY. Discovered in 1868. "THERIAKI" Book Free.
Office 312, 78 Monroe Street. CHICAGO, ILL.

## **Patronize Home Industries**

liy purchasing goods made at the fol-lowing Nebraska factories. If you cannot find what you want communi-cate with the manufacturers as to what dealers handle their goods. BAGS, BURLAP AND TWINE.

BEMIS OMAHA BAG CO. nufacturers of all kinds of cotton and bur-bags, cotton flour sacks and twins a spec-614-616-618 S. 11th St. BREWERIES

OMAHA BREWING ASS'N. Car load shipments made in our own refrig-erator cars. Blue Ribbon, Elite Export, Vienna Export, and Family Export, delivered to all parts of city.

FLOUR. S. F. GILMAN. Manufacturer of Gold Medal Flour. E. Black, Manager. Omaha. IRON WORKS.

DAVIS & COWGII L IRON WORKS Iron and Brass Founders.

Manufacturers and Jobbers of Machinery.
General repairing a specialty. 1501, 1503 and 1503
Jackson street, Omaha, Neb. INDUSTRIAL IRON WORKS

Manufacturing and Repairing of all kinds of machinery, engines, pumpe, elevators, printing presses, hangers, shafting and couplings 1406 and 1408 Howard St., Omaha. PAXTON & VIERLING IRON W'RKS Manufacturers of Architectural Iron Work. General Foundry, Machine and Blacksmith Work, Engineers and Contractors for Fire Proof Buildings. Office and works: U. P. Ry. and So. 17th street, Omaha.

NIGHT WATCH, PIRE SERVICE. AMERICAN DISTRICT TELE.

GRAPH. The only perfect protection to property. Examine it. Best thing on earth. Reduces insurance rates. 1304 Douglas St.

SHIRT FACTORIES. J.H. EVANS-NEBRASKA SHIRT COMPANY.